

Posted by u/ArcAngel98 1 month ago  

The First Race: Humanity

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An ancient species, larger than life, and so long lived. Each of their kind can survive longer than several generations of my species, and because of this, they were the first race in the galaxy to develop. Their history, as vast and endless as it may seem, is well documented. And in it, is the beginning of most sentient species in the galaxy is recorded. In fact, several of the races most common among the stars were created by humanity. I don't mean they grew us in vials from amino acids and loose strands of DNA, but rather, they took what already existed and nurtured us until we were strong enough to stand on your own. They had done this countless times with the creatures of their own world, creating familial bonds with lesser creatures and making them a part of their lives and families. My species, Canis-Sapien, was the first that humanity elevated. We had our genomes altered and perfected until we resembled our masters. Although, they do dislike it when we refer to them that way. But it's hard not to think of them as divine or as some kind of creators when they are so different from us. They stand so much taller, think so much faster, and see the world through eyes so unique.

After they created us, they began to seed the other star systems with premade genetic samples so that even after the last of their kind takes its final breath, their work will still continue in some form. One by one they found or made more races, adding them to the galactic alliance they were building; it was meant to be a kind of interstellar community. Eons passed, and humans became an increasingly rare sight among the cosmos. Some developed ships to fly to other galaxies, some died, but most simply succumbed to the great equalizer... time. They lived on average five times longer than most of the races, and equal to only two, but as hard as they tried they were not immortal. Their genetic code was degrading after centuries of editing and rewriting it. Most humans decided that being a human was a state of mind and altered their genomes so that the decay did not affect them, but they were not recognizable as a true human anymore. Some however, decided they wanted to stay how they were, and resolved themselves to fade into the voids of time with dignity. There is less than ten thousand known humans now, and fewer everyday, but they, too me, still look as angelic as the first time I laid eyes on them.

Many of the races that humanity had created began searching for methods to aid them, but nothing of merit ever came to fruition. We welcomed what was left of them into our home, families, and lives with open arms for their final days. My family has always had a human for as long as any of us could remember, his name was Michael. According to our pack's records, his family and ours had been together for longer than my race had existed as we are now. Once, his family took ours in as their own children, and now, in their final days, we are honored to take care of them. Michael was the last of his lineage, he had no offspring, no spouse, but he never complained. He was growing ill, but never once did he lose his smile.

I walked up and sat beside his bed with water and some food for him. "Hey buddy," he said and placed a gentle hand on my neck; it was a sign of love for humans to hold and touch each other. Michael removed his hand and laid it slowly back down on

his bed. He was dying, slowly, he had been for a very long time. I talked to him for a while, made sure he had eaten the food I had brought him earlier, and checked his condition, before he drifted off to sleep. Michael died that night, and we mourned the end of an era for our pack. Humans were dying, but in the hearts and mind of all of us... their children.. they would live forever.